



## GROSS OR DETAIL.

Miss Ethel. "AND HOW MUCH ARE THE GUINEA-PIGS, PLEASE?"

Naturalist. "TWO-AND-SIX A-PIECE, MISS."

Miss Ethel. "OH, BUT WE WANT A WHOLE ONE!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD simultaneously issue two narratives of experience in the War in South Africa. *How I Escaped from Pretoria* is a reprint, in cheap handy form, of Captain HALDANE's story, which for a month or two shed fresh lustre on *Maga*. *Twice Captured* is the attractive title of Lord ROSSLYN's record of adventure during the Boer War. It is a pity for his own sake that, having enjoyed the distinction of re-capture, Lord ROSSLYN was not kept under supervision until he had abandoned intention of writing this book. Its literary style is of the worst kind of modern halfpenny journalism. Its public interest may be measured from the heading of a chapter: "I Leave Cape-town." The pages glitter with I's, conveying intelligence of which the following is by comparison rather thrilling. "I found the *Golden Eagle* here when we arrived, and soon after saw Sir SAMUEL SCOTT, with whom I dine on board to-night. . . . GOULAY took me to the club and got me elected a temporary member." Lord ROSSLYN discloses himself as a kind of corrupted BURDETT-COUTTS, a blue-bottled fly, bursting with vanity, buzzing about men with stern business on hand. Once he comes in contact with General BULLER with consequences to be expected. Having worried the military authorities into giving him permission to join the camp, it was conceded on condition that he was not to send off newspaper despatches. Waylaying the General, Lord ROSSLYN urged the public desire that he should be able to write "My Weekly Diary," while in camp. "The great man," Lord ROSSLYN bitterly writes, "never turned his head. 'I gave you permission under certain

circumstances,' he said, and from that ground he would not budge." Some relief from the puerility of the book is found in the illustrations, which, taken on the spot, are occasionally interesting. It is a pleasure to turn from this vaporous performance to Captain HALDANE's story, the high merit of which my Baronite hastened to recognize when it appeared in the magazine.

*Jezebel* (HUTCHINSON) runs beyond the average length of the 6s. vol., which, happily in some cases, shows a tendency towards decrease in bulk. The variation is welcome, for the volume is good from beginning to end. It opens with a striking episode; it works up to, and finely closes with, a dramatic passage. There are a multitude of characters, all flesh and blood. My Baronite knows Miss DEXTER. He sat with her at breakfast a short time ago, at a meet of the hounds not far from the cottage where GEORGE MEREDITH lives his placid life. She was dressed in the "rough garments designed by herself, and executed by a tailor in the village." In Town everybody knows Lady MARGARET ARLINGTON, with her shrewd ways, her kind heart, and her neglect of the final "g" in common words. My Baronite pointedly refrains from even hinting at the plot or the passion of Mr. RICHARD PRYCE's last novel. But it's worth getting.

But for certain episodes, absolutely unnecessary, but generally described by an English reader as "peculiarly French," the Baron would strongly recommend to all lovers of the sort of sensational romance whereof the immortal *Count of Monte Cristo* is the most popular type, a story, which, in spite of its melodramatic character, is not devoid of humorous scenes and characters by EUGÈNE CHAVETTE, in two volumes, of which the first is entitled *La Veuve Rossignol*, and the second *La Cléopâtre* (Flammarion, Éditeur, Paris); though it would have been better to have included both under some such title as *Le Trésor de Calrap*, or the more popular one of *Les Trois Frères*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## THE ONLY WAY.

["Journalism is the only profession open to discharged criminals."]

WE all are well-known characters, and though we ain't a-trod The classic courts o' Cimebridge, we 'ave spent our lives in quod;

But, spite sich eddication, wot's our chances? Ain't it 'ard, That almost hevery callin's—like them prison winders—barred?

An ofrice in the Government we thought would suit us prime, For there they're all time-servers an' in course we've served our time; [yet

But though we're good at pickin' locks and burglin' mansions, We can't a-get into the 'Ouse nor yet the Cabinet.

The law's a thing we'd tike to like a bibby to its milk; We all of us 'ave done our terms an' some 'as tiken silk; But barristers must only see the side on which they are: Our convictions are too many for to practise at the Bar.

We might be Christian Socialists who labour to secure The gold from rich men's pockets for to benefit the poor. We'd mike the best churchwardens too: we keep, at any rite, An eye upon the coppers when we're tikin' round the plite.

We might 'ave been GEORGE MEREDITHS an' filled up shelves and shelves:

We're used to long, long sentences we couldn't parse ourselves; But no: we've spent our lives in cribbin' articles, and so The world suppose the journalist's the only trade we know.

ECCLESIASTICAL.—Sir,—You can explain everything. Explain me this. I read in a letter to the *Times* how Mr. BALFOUR had said that the "Low Church Bishops had vetoe'd suits." Now, what sort of suits did these Bishops wear? "Vetoe'd" seems such a curious descriptive epithet to apply to an entire suit. To boots it might possibly be applicable. Yours,

A PERSON OF NO CLERICAL IMPORTANCE.



### A SLEEPING PARTNER.

*Bobbie.* "I SAY, MABEL, COME AND PLAY WITH ME AGAINST THOSE TWO."  
*Mabel (pleased).* "CERTAINLY, BOBBIE. BUT I'M AFRAID I SHAN'T BE A VERY GOOD PARTNER. YOU SEE, I'M NOT DRESSED FOR TENNIS."  
*Bobbie.* "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. THAT'S WHY I ASKED YOU. I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO JUMP ABOUT. BUT YOU'LL LEAVE THE BALLS TO ME, AND WE'LL HAVE A GOOD CHANCE OF LICKING THEM!"

### DEPTHS OF MISERY.

THE door of the restaurant was suddenly opened, and a man flung himself into a seat by the nearest table. The waiter hurried forward to sweep off the crumbs and present the bill of fare.

There was a wild light in the stranger's eyes. "Give me food!" he cried.

"Yessir, what will you have?"

"Anything; a chop or a steak, only be quick about it!" He seized a roll out of the bread-basket and pulled it to pieces with trembling fingers, cramming the fragments into his mouth.

The waiter rushed to the speaking tube and shouted down. It was evident that the stranger was in the last stages of hunger. Two more rolls quickly shared the fate of the first. When the welcome steak arrived, it was horrible to watch the man attack it. In four and a half minutes there was nothing left, and a

plate of potatoes and a pint of stout were absorbed at the same time.

But the stranger's face still retained its wolfish expression. He beckoned the waiter, and ordered a large suet dumpling.

As a medical man, I felt sure that the poor fellow had undergone serious privation and, having paid my bill, I crossed to his table.

"Excuse me, Sir," I observed, "but you must have had a rough time of it."

He was one of those people who can speak with their mouth full.

"Terrible!" he ejaculated. The dumpling had disappeared, and a large piece of Gorgonzola was put in front of him.

"You have been travelling, I presume."

"I should think I have."

"Dear me, may I ask how long your privations have lasted?" The cheese had vanished, and a happier expression had come over the stranger's face.

"Just five and thirty minutes," he observed in answer to my last question.

"I beg your pardon!" I ejaculated.

"My dear Sir, I am speaking the truth. Have you ever been on the Central London Railway?"

Then it began to dawn on me.

"I entered the lift at Shepherd's Bush to go to the Bank," he continued. "I had fortified myself with a hearty lunch, but one thing I had left out of the question."

"You mean the appetising influence of the ozone," I said.

"Exactly! By the time we reached Notting Hill Gate, I began to think I must have made a mistake and not had my lunch after all. At the Marble Arch I was sure of it. Chancery Lane was passed, and I was enduring agonies of hunger. There was a lady sitting opposite me with some buns in a paper bag, and it was all I could do to restrain myself from snatching them. At the Bank I was staggering from sheer exhaustion, and was only just able to cross the road to this restaurant. But I feel better now!"

"If," I observed, as he was paying his bill, "the twopenny tube drives one to a three-and-sixpenny meal at the end of each journey, it will come a trifle expensive. Good afternoon!"

### STUDIES IN SMALL ZOOLOGY.

#### THE MOUSE.

THIS poor creature has been tortured from time immemorial, but if we consider the cause of the persecution, it will be found that it arose from the animal's want of food, and also from his partiality to the skirts of the fair sex. There is no gainsaying the fact that a Mouse would clear a meeting of the Primrose League in less time than either Sir WILFRID LAWSON or Mr. JOHN BURNS. He is so independent that he objects to Welsh rarebits. At the same time there is a fearlessness about the Mouse (when cats are few and far between), which impresses one with a delight in its existence. If you only know how to tame him and his wife, they will come to you with all that confidence which you miss in the man from whom you would borrow a hundred pounds on the nod.

At the same time the prolific inclinations of *Madame la Souris* are a distinct drawback to the popularity of her offspring. A workhouse for mice has not yet been thought of by the London County Councilors, who are generally so far ahead of the times that they appear to live in the next century. I believe, however, that the Wiseacres of Spring Gardens authorise the purchase of cat's meat for their pet Grimalkins. I trust it is sufficiently abundant to satisfy appetites which otherwise batten on the little creatures who do not pretend to be other than the humblest of created beings.



**"MANY A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST."**

SCENE—*The Transvaal.*

*R.H.A. Driver (on Gun Team).* "THEM BOERS TAKES A BIT OF CATCHIN'!"

*Sergeant.* "CATCHIN'! BLOWED IF WE AIN'T LIKE A TRACTION INGIN' TRYIN' TO CATCH RATS!"

**"PARIGI! O CARA."**

So sings "the good young man gone wrong" in *Traviata*, and just now I imagine our "Parigi" is dearer, carior, than ever. Not that this deponent found it so; the entrance to the Exposition, for self and partner, cost him but half a franc in two days, and his lunch, *chez Champaux*, was not more than it would have been had he taken it at the original establishment *Place de la Bourse*. But the *hotels de luxe* must perforce charge, and they do, too; for the time when the last visitor of summer shall have come and gone is fast approaching, and while the sun of the Exposition shines the golden hay must be made. If you know the ropes, slack or tight, you can walk on them as easily as possible, but at a price; and if you don't, you are bound to "come down" heavily. "Midst pleasures and palaces" 'tis delightful to roam, but, *après tout*, there's no place like Home or the nearest approach you can get to it when abroad.

The Exposition is to be kept exposed until the 5th November. Great day! *La Fête de Sieur Guy des Fourchettes!* Eh, mon, but it's a grand place—splendid, *magnifique! merveilleux!* Excellent was the description given by your correspondent, "H. D. B.," in last week's *Punch*, of "*La Province a Paris*"; no embroidery was there on the plain, unvarnished tale he told, no deviation from the simple truth. The peasantry seem to enjoy themselves immensely. What knives! What chunks of meat and chicken! What hunches of bread! What capacious mouths! However, not to see the peasants, but just to take one glance at the pictures, the art and loan collections, a peep into some of the Houses in the Street of Nations, and a quiet half-hour in the Old English Manor House, was my object, and most satisfactorily was it achieved, especially as regards the last-named exhibition; for it was on a Sunday morning when it

was closed to the general public, and guarded by the stalwart representatives of British Bobbydom; who admitted nobody without a ticket.

The pavilion, built by Messrs. JOHN AIRD, was in excellent order, cool, quiet and comfortable. For was it not a house thoroughly well Aird? The collection of works of art lent by notable possessors of old masters, headed by Her Majesty, who sent the HOPPNERS, is a thing to remember, and trouble enough must Sir WILLIAM AGNEW have had to get everything together properly placed and up to time. The house itself is a delightful model in the best possible and the quietest possible taste. Upstairs and on the ground floor all the arrangements are perfect; but, strange to say, there are no "kitchens and offices." Where is the coal cellar? Where is the wine cellar? Where is the butler's pantry? The servants' hall? Foreigners will gather from this model dwelling-house that the English people are so self-reliant as to dispense with the aid of attendants. Milor blacks his own boots; Miladi washes up, and the "Meesses" make the beds and act generally as housemaids. How, then, can "Britons never be slaves"? when this model house, this home, this sweet home, offering no evidence of the existence of domestics, proves to demonstration that every one in a household has to slave, since the motto must be "if you want anything done, do it yourself." However, if I'm wrong, there's till November 5th for anyone to go over it again and set me right. The Palace of Costumes must not be missed. From the days when Eve made her first petticoat from the leaves of a fashion book (Fig. 1), and when Adam adapted the trunks of trees to sartorial purposes, down to the latest ball-dress of the present century, you have the tableaux, graven in wax, all before you. Hold on to the rail, for you go by rail, and stick to your place all the way round. *Qui vivra verra.*



## THE SWALLOW SWOOPING.

(With all proper apologies to Mr. George Meredith's "The Lark Ascending.")

SILENT, seraphically soft,  
He flickers and is borne aloft,  
A speck to sight, an orb of spray,  
His eager pinions cleave the day;  
Empearled in dewdrops, crystal bright,  
A radiance from the hem of night,  
Where the deep heart of noontide leads  
The ceaseless measure of the meads,  
Now caught in clouds, now rapt in rills,  
An echo of celestial thrills,  
Pale with the passion of the sky,  
A rosy burst of melody,  
He spreads, he droops, he shakes his wings,  
He pulses on the breast of things,  
He follows still and still pursues  
The folded footfall of the dews;  
Caught in a weft of silvery beams  
Unthreads the needle of his dreams,  
Too frail for thought, too high to share  
His passage of the spiral stair  
Or tread the bridge that drives him sheer  
From here to there, from there to here,  
A broken gleam, a darting glint  
Of starry steel on fiery flint,  
Sprung from the master-vision heard  
At morning in the sun's first word,  
Renewed with every bursting boon  
That clings about the crescent moon;  
He leaves at last, a flash of fire,  
His beaked companions of the wire,  
He floats, he darts, he swings, he stoops,  
He soars again, he twists, he swoops,  
He skims the stream, his bill a fate  
To gauzy wings that congregate,  
Where in her nest of shivering reeds  
The golden-hearted mother breeds,  
From day to day from night to night,  
Her brood of lilies bridal-white,  
Then flings aloft again and cleaves  
A zig-zag pathway to his eaves.

Was ever flight of ours could match  
So fleet, so gay a flight, or catch  
With airy hands the splendour born  
Of swiftness mated in the morn  
To sunbeams frankly shaken free  
Of earth and earth's mortality?  
Too pure, too wild, to take or tame,  
A burst, a jet, a spurt, a flame,  
The first glad spirit-shape that hurled  
His single breast against a world,  
He leaves our meaner gates ajar,  
Enspersed and born again, a star,  
Joyous, immaculate, content,  
Shoots from the sprinkled firmament,  
And free from blame as void of praise  
Goes twinkling through his summer maze,  
Part of ourselves, and yet not all,  
Who cannot soar but fade and fall,  
Cling in the meshes of our fears,  
And groping blind forget the spheres,  
Or pause and poise, or trip and trim,  
Nor dare the leap that carried him,  
The soul of joy, the heart of light,  
In one clear sweep, superbly bright,  
Through earth's dead envelope of clay  
To sunshine and the living day. R. C. L.

## RECREATION AND RED-TAPE.

THE other day Mr. Punch, in the interests of those who would prefer that the open spaces in the Royal Parks should be devoted to healthful games rather than abandoned to microbe-dealing loafers, pointed out that the present state of affairs was due to a mixture of cant and dog-in-the-mangeriness. "The Daily Mail, with the usual enterprise which distinguishes its expeditions into uncivilised lands, at once despatched a representative to the Board of Works, where the envoy was lucky enough to capture Major HUSSEY, who holds the office of Assistant Bailiff to the Parks—a title savouring of summary executions and distress for rent." Quoth the Major, "If people were to play cricket it would render the Parks too dangerous for anybody to attempt to cross them." He also added that cricket would exclude "multitudes of children from the Parks," and concluded by



NOT A LABOUR CANDIDATE.

saying: "Then, too, there is the question of turf. If you were at that big bazaar last week, you saw a corner of Kensington Gardens without a blade of grass on it. That is because cricket is allowed there."

Greatly impressed by the A. B.'s remarks Mr. Punch, in his character of Universal Enquirer, went hap-hazard to a portion of Hampstead Heath, known as Parliament Hill Fields, controlled by that much-abused body the London County Council. Here Mr. Punch discovered on ground none too flat in places, hundreds of men, youths, boys, and, *mirabile dictu*, tiny children of both sexes busy with bats and balls. No ambulance was on the ground, and during the hour and a half devoted to Mr. Punch's observations not even a dog was injured. The turf in all directions was of a beautiful verdant hue, and in no way shorn of the grass by the many "pitches." This, perhaps, was explained by the presence of a flat-topped green and red painted vehicle initialled L.C.C., and for the

information of Major HUSSEY and other Royal grandees, it may be as well to state that this four-wheeler is called a WATER CART. The officials who allow the blades of grass to disappear in Kensington Gardens could no doubt obtain the address of the maker, by applying to other Gardens known as Spring. Yet it must be said that turfless Rotten Row is, apparently, not unacquainted with similar engines. Meantime, the Intelligent Foreigner has returned home with a new motto in his album. It reads, "Board of Works and no play make JACK a dull boy."

Mr. PUNCH'S ELECTION ADDRESSES.  
V.—SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

To the Electors of Stirling Burghs.

[According to the *Daily Telegraph*, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, replying to a vote of thanks at St. James's Hall, said that he did not pretend to be a statesman but simply a sincere fellow-worker with his comrades. His election address is correspondingly modest.]

MY friends, in these distracted days,  
Mid cannon's roar and rifle's rattle,  
'Tis mine—in military phrase—

To lead the Liberal ranks to battle;  
I try to make my speeches bold,  
To wear a manner brisk and breezy,  
To win new votes and keep the old—  
But, oh! my friends, it isn't easy!

I've had a skittish team to drive,  
Their views were very much divided,  
But is there any man alive  
Who'd steer the brutes as well as I did?  
I had to humour HARCOURT'S whims  
And MORLEY'S fads and ASQUITH'S  
fancies,  
To snuffle Little England hymns,  
And pipe Imperialistic dances.

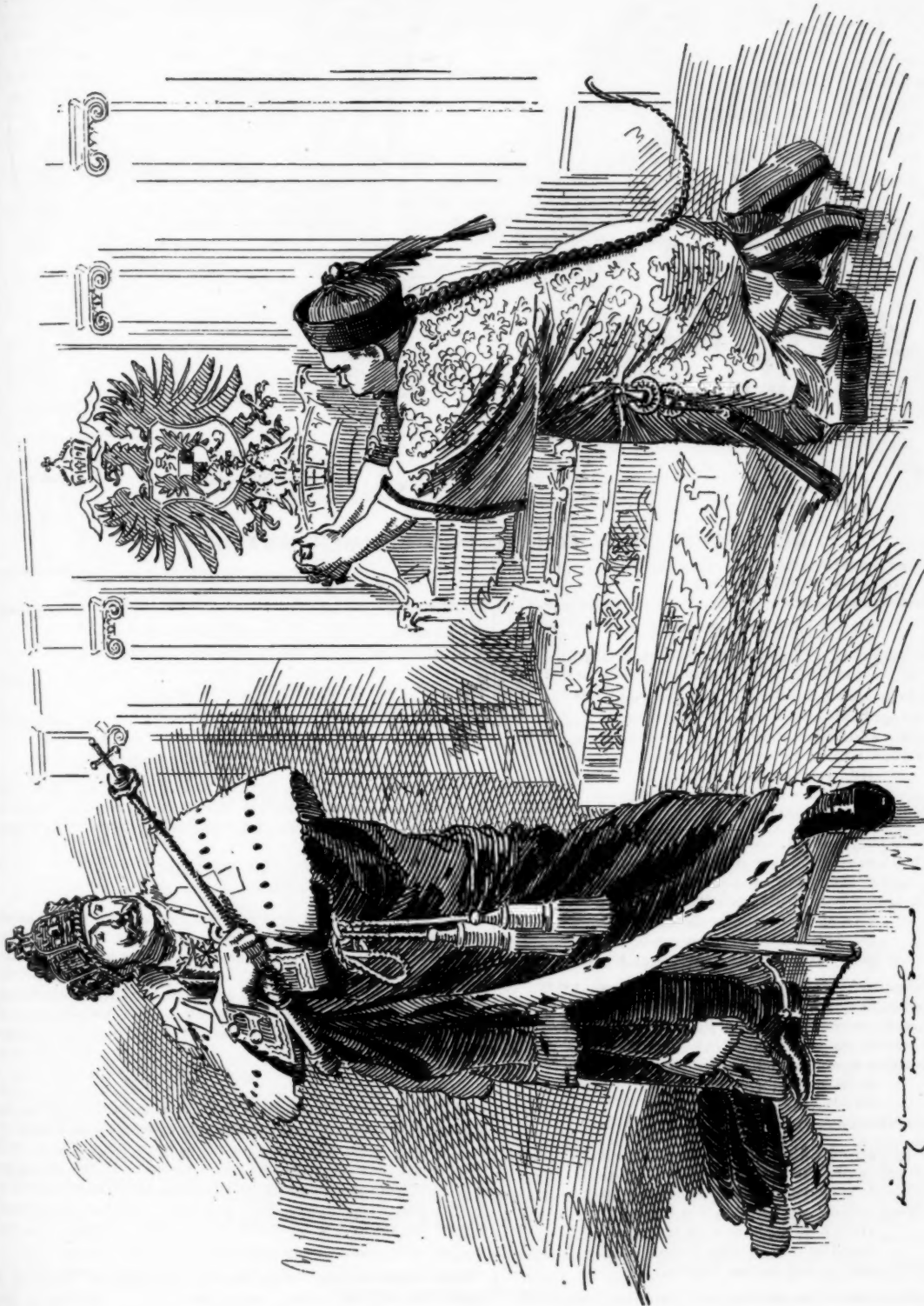
Sir EDWARD GREY and LABOUCHERE,  
Both Liberals—mark you!—by profes-  
sion,

Made an extremely awkward pair  
To carry with me through the Session.  
I took a friendly interest  
In KRUGER'S aiders and abettors,  
And strove to make the sorry best  
Of CLARK'S incriminating letters.

My friends, I've set before your eyes  
The Liberal Party's sad condition,  
Hoping to make you realise  
My very difficult position.

I'm not a Statesman, as you know,  
I don't, in fact, pretend to be one,  
But, search the Party high and low,  
I hardly think that you will see one!

So why not give your votes to me,  
My Liberal friends, my more than  
brothers,  
I'm not a genius, maybe,  
But still I'm better than the others!  
It's pretty commonly agreed  
—And I accept the verdict gladly—  
Considering whom I had to lead,  
I really didn't do so badly! ST. J. H.



EAST AND WEST.

Chinese Emperor. "I WILL MAKE THE EXPIATION THAT HEAVEN DEMANDS!"  
 German Emperor. "AND—YOU WILL ALSO MAKE THE REPARATION THAT I DEMAND!"



### DELIGHTFUL IDEA FOR SECOND SUMMER WEATHER.

WHY NOT DO YOUR FISHING FROM BACK OF NICE QUIET PONY?  
HELPS TO DECEIVE THE WILY TROUT TOO.

IT IS JUST AS WELL, THOUGH, IN MAKING A CAST, TO SEE THAT  
YOU CLEAR HIS TAIL WITH YOUR FLIES!

### NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

["San Marino wanted a hospital, and to raise funds it determined to create a peerage. The patents of nobility realised £40,000."—*Le petit Bleu*.]

*Ex nihilo fit nihil* is a dictum, I've been told,  
Whose application everywhere is seen, O!  
But here 's a little country where the maxim doesn't hold  
They know a thing or two in San Marino.  
(Oh, yes, beyond a doubt  
They have managed to find out  
A thing or two in little San Marino.)

A hospital they wanted, and I'm sure we all agree  
No object more deserving could have been, O!  
But unhappily they hadn't the essential L. s. d.  
In the money-box of little San Marino.  
(Which is frequently the case—  
So they tell me in the place—  
With the money-box of little San Marino.)

So they set to work and pondered; and they said "We've  
no Debrett!  
Of course we draw the line at King or Queen, O!  
We're true to the traditions of our great Republic, yet  
Some titles would be nice in San Marino."  
(A feeling which is shared—  
So I've heard it oft declared—  
By Republics more advanced than San Marino.)

"Some patents of nobility we'll advertise to-day  
And funds no doubt we will contrive to glean, O  
For well-to-do nonentities will always gladly pay  
For being called 'My Lord' in San Marino."  
(Which no doubt is very true,  
And I'm told they do it too  
In other lands as well as San Marino.)

They gave notice of an auction, and I'm very glad to tell  
That scores of bidders came upon the scene, O

*Ex nihilo fit*—peerages and hospitals as well  
In the favoured land of little San Marino,  
(Which shows, I think—don't you?—  
That they know a thing or two  
Of human nature down in San Marino.)

### TO MR. ATKINS AND FRIENDS.

In view of the return of the troops from the war, Lord  
WOLSELEY has, in effect, stated that there is a popular chorus to  
a song in which he refuses, and hopes everyone else will refuse,  
to join. The words are,

"And we'll all get blind drunk  
When JOHNIE comes marching home!"

"*Mutato nomine fabula narratur de T—*"OMMY. By all means  
let everybody bear in mind that "treating" is the worst  
treatment for TOMMY, who, under the influence of drink, may  
lose all chance of obtaining regular employment. Let the  
Shakespearean example of *Cassio* be before the eyes of his friends  
and admirers, so that TOMMY may not have to exclaim with  
that misguided and too jovial hero, "My reputation's gone!  
My Reputation!"

NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.—The Government, it appears, has  
purchased the ruins of Tintern Abbey from the Duke of BEAUFORT,  
and intend to maintain it as a show place for visitors. Will  
there be an entrance fee of so much ahead? If the pecuniary  
results should be eminently satisfactory, the Commissioners of  
Woods and Forests may next consider whether they won't  
change the spelling of the name to "Tin-turn Abbey."

VERY APPROPRIATE.—The Vestry Overseer in Lambeth is  
named HONEY. He is less remarkable for his sweetness than  
for his faculty of sticking like wax to the ratepayers.



## A WORD IN SEASON.

[The Lake District is to be spared the infliction of the Electric Tram.]

(With apologies to the late Laureate.)

The Lake District (log).

TRACTION electrical and new,  
Of me you shall not win renown.  
You thought to break my country's heart  
In preference to wooing Town.  
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled,  
I saw the snare and I retired:  
The city's fit concomitant,  
You're not by me to be desired.

Traction electrical and new,  
I know you proud to bear your name;  
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,  
Which understands from whence I came.  
Nor would I break for your swift sake  
A heart that lives where Nature grows;  
My simple Lake of Windermere  
Is worth a hundred dynamos.

Traction electrical and new,  
If time be heavy on your hands  
Do you run through from Bow to Kew?  
Has London made no more demands?  
Oh, teach the City clerk to bless  
You, as he's carried to and fro;  
Attend to pressing business  
And let this lovely district go!

## "CHOOSING A COOK."

[A (very slight) anticipation.]

SCENE—A luxuriously furnished boudoir.  
Its owner, Miss Emytrude Stuefry—  
better known to her family as 'Liza  
Stubbs—is seated at her escritoire.  
Enter Mrs. Jones, who has called in the  
hope of inducing Miss Stuefry to take  
a vacant place in her establishment.

Miss E. S. (without rising). Good-day.  
Take a pew, if yer like. No extry charge  
made for seatin', you'll be glad to  
'ear.

Mrs. J. Thank you so very much. I shall  
be so thankful for a little rest. (Patheti-  
cally) This is my seventeenth journey  
this week in search of a cook!

Miss E. S. Hum! Don't sound as if the  
place was much of a catch, does it now?  
Well, 'urry up with the partick'lers.  
There's a dozen more waitin' to see me in  
the ante-room. What's the figger.

Mrs. J. (timidly). Well,—for your ser-  
vices, you know—I had thought we might  
go so far as £60 (hastily, observing Miss  
E. S.'s expression)—and beer, of course!

Miss E. S. That fairly takes the bun,  
that does! Sixty, indeed! Look 'ere, if  
you can't offer £100 and port every night  
you're only wycin' toime—so I tells yer  
strite!

Mrs. J. A hundred! . . . well, of course  
you are an exceptionally fine cook, aren't  
you?

Miss E. S. I can do you a chop or steak

to-rights, and what more d' you want? I  
did make a nontray once—but never no  
more!

Mrs. J. Oh, but I'm sure you'd do one  
just now and then—when we have a  
dinner-party, you know!

Miss E. S. Not I. (Darkly) One C'row-  
ner's inquest's enough for me. No; chop  
one day an' steak the next—that's my  
rule, and if yer don't like it yer can lump  
it. Now I'm goin' to ask you a few  
questions. Three nights out a week, of  
course?

Mrs. J. Really, isn't that a little—well,  
well, if you insist upon it!

Miss E. S. That's the fust point.  
(makes a note with a gold pencil). Sec-  
ond, is there a tennis-court?

Mrs. J. No—you see our garden isn't  
large, and my husband and I like flowers,  
so that—

Miss E. S. (interrupting). Then yer must  
mike one strite orf. I cawn't do without  
my game o' tennis—to which I invites my  
friends, it's hunderstood. You'll break-



"WILL YOU PLAY WITH ME, GLANPA!"

"WHY, OF COURSE I WILL, MY DEAR."

"ALL RIGHT! YOU BE THE FAIRLY, AND I'LL BE THE GIANT, AND PUT YOU IN PLISON!"

fast at ten, dine at one, an', if I've time  
after my own dinner, I'll give you a bit  
o' supper about nine. But yer mus'n't  
count on it, yer know. 'Orses, of  
course?

Mrs. J. (in astonishment). I—I beg your  
pardon?

Miss E. S. 'Orses, I said—meanin' as I  
'opes you keep 'em?

Mrs. J. (reluctantly). N-no, I'm afraid  
we don't, just at present. What with  
wages, you see, and other expenses—

Miss E. S. (shutting her silver blotting-  
book with a bang). Then it's orf. Cawn't  
go without my canter in the Row, same as  
other folks. No biz. done on those terms  
—so you'd best pass along now.

Mrs. J. (bursting into tears). Oh, dear  
Miss STUEFRY—don't, please, refuse!—  
we're simply dying of hunger! Do come  
and cook for us—and perhaps we could  
arrange to hire something for you!

Miss E. S. (relenting). Well, I'll think it  
over and drop yer a line. I've a tinder  
'eart. Ta-ta! A. C. D.



He. "OH, PRAY, MISS DALRIMPLE, DON'T CALL ME MR. BROOKES."  
 She. "OH, BUT OUR ACQUAINTANCE HAS BEEN SO BRIEF. THIS IS SO SUDDEN—" (Sweetly.) "WHY SHOULDN'T I CALL YOU MR. BROOKES?"  
 He. "OH—ONLY BECAUSE MY NAME'S SOMERSET!"

### FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

I MUST not forget the musician aboard the steamer R.M.S. *Fusilier*. Save me from "The harp that once" heard, accompanied by a violin aboard a steamer, is never to be forgotten! When I go on board any steamer, small or large, I look about to see if there are any travelling musicians present. Not seeing them, how grateful am I!

But this itinerant performer, this player on the dulcimer, is a thorough master of his art, displaying his skill in most adverse circumstances. I am glad to see that his collection from the ever-varying audience—for at every port *en route* many old passengers change, giving place to new—promises to be a good one. Travelling by this boat on several occasions, we strike up an acquaintance, and I find that he is literally a born musician, having been dulcimering since the early age of eight years old until the boiling point of perfection was reached, when he set forth on his travels, all over the world, this troubadour-knight, ever true to his sweet-toned Dulcima. *Varium et mutabile semper* is Dulcima, and in less skilful hands she could be an uncommon nuisance. Other Dulcimas I have known and execrated: the tone of this one is soothing, and gentle, sometimes full and powerful as that of a full-blown organ, but always agreeable, never getting on the nerves.

Fort William at 3.30. Here, as we were about to land, a strange thing happened. Our party (two ladies and self) had a bag each. As I was patiently waiting my turn on the gangway I heard a whisper in my ear to the effect, "Sir, if I am not mistaken, you are —" and here, in still lower tone, he breathed

the venerated name of the Universal Literary Provider, one of whose "young men" I have had the honour to be for the major part of a life-time. I could not deny the fact. I was staggered. I must have looked as taken aback as ever did *Jonas Chuzzlewit* when ferreted out by *Nadgett* on board the "Ankwerks Package." The whisper was repeated, with the addition, "I knew I was not wrong. Now, do permit me to carry your bag." This was suspicious. I turned and faced him, a hale, hearty, tall clergyman of the Church Militant Ecclesiastical type, who is wearing a heavy moustache that not so very many years ago would have been deemed unclerical. *Tempora mutantur*. Suddenly the idea occurred to me, "Is this a ruse, a clever dodge, in order to collar my bag, bolt with it and its contents and leave me alone in my glory! Where should I be?"

"What would then become of me,  
 Without a bag at Banavie?"

"Really," I protested, "I could not allow—besides," I added, tightly gripping my bag, "if you are returning by the boat —" "I am," he replied, and, as it chanced, at that moment, the bell of the steamer rang, and in another second stress of time compelled him, evidently much against his will, to cut short his quite unexpected but highly appreciated civility. "May I know," I exclaimed, as he was just about to hurry off to the boat; "to whom I am indebted for this really great—" but he nipped my epithets in the bud. "I haven't a card," he explained rapidly, "but my name is, etc., etc., and I am, etc., etc.," and he vanished. I will not reveal the secret. How cruelly had my suspicions wronged him! He was a great dignitary of the Church, and if ever this meets his eye the Reverent Canon will know that his courtesy was most thoroughly appreciated.

A quiet morning on an uninhabited island. —HAVING chartered an Oban boat to go out upon the Oban Sea, I as COLUMBUS the Skipper, accompanied by COLUMBUS JUNIOR row forth on voyages of discovery. The first discovery I make is that the sculls are not a pair; that a certain amount of water has to be "bailed out," like a prisoner on remand. These discoveries having been made and everything put in order we are fairly launched.

We row about, and take possession of many places hitherto unknown (to us). After some exploration we "hug the shore," which, being of a repellent nature, rejects our advances. So we steer for a rocky island creek, intended by Nature for two persons (or more) to go ashore and refresh themselves. Biscuits, fish sandwiches, and a flask of whisky and water are at hand. The Skipper lands, taking care to have with him the provision, including the suction, and COLUMBUS JUNIOR, having been served with a ration of biscuits, commences fishing. His subsequent proceedings have no further interest for the Skipper, who draws a newspaper from his pocket. Before starting I (the Skipper) had gone to a bookstall, and, being in nautical vein, the name of a paper, new to me, caught my eye. It was *The Pilot*. "Just the thing," said I to myself, "for a cruise." So, without further parley, I took the *Pilot* on board my boat. Now on my island, I am going to enjoy all the nautical news *The Pilot* has to tell me.

No doubt that in it are given problems in steering, sailing of vessel, how to enter harbours, how to manage buoys, general directions and particulars to yachtsmen and yachting advertisements, and notes about fishing tackle, &c., &c.; in fact, all nautical and pilotical, nothing political.

Ahem! . . . why—I don't see much about shipping in it. Opening it at haphazard, I find paragraphs about the Church Association and the Bishops, articles on "Newman" and "Wilberforce," and letters from Canon GORE. What an ideal name for an active member of the Church militant! It is, I find, an ecclesiastical paper and weekly review. Only, why *The Pilot*? Nautical men are simple folk, and are so easily taken in. In this case, however, the deception is mutual. I've taken in *The Pilot* and *The Pilot* has taken me in. Why





*Employer (to applicant for situation): "AND THEN I AM VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT MY CELLARS; YOU UNDERSTAND WINE, I PRESUME?"*  
*Butler. "HIN MY LAST SITUATION, SIR, I WAS CONSIDERED A VERY TOLERABLE JUDGE O' WINE, SIR."*

*Pilot?* Does it direct the navigation of the seas? I meditate on this. Becoming much interested in articles on "The Byron Letters," "England and her Inimical Allies," I gradually drop off into meditation, with my eyes closed, "rock'd in the cradle of the deep." How reposeful is the plash of the waves. Refreshment. Nature's soft nurse, &c., &c. . . . Awakening, I find I have been left, with *The Pilot*, a high and dry Churchman between two rocks, the sea having courteously retired to some considerable distance. The message it has left, distinctly writ on pebbles, rocks and seaweed, is that it is "out" for the rest of the day, and won't return for some hours. But, COLUMBUS JUNIOR, having wearied of his sport—he has caught two fish, one of which he knows to be poisonous and the other doubtful—comes to row me back to our native shores, to land and luncheon.

#### 1880—1900.

WHEN I went to the House as a middle-aged man

(Said I to myself—said I),

I'll work on the very best Radical plan,

(Said I to myself—said I).

In the cause of the poor I will wax very warm,  
 With COBDEN and BRIGHT raise the popular storm,  
 And lustily cry with them "Peace and Reform!"

(Said I to myself—said I).

The bitterest words that the language affords

(Said I to myself—said I),

I'll pour on those infamous scoundrels, the Lords,

(Said I to myself—said I),

The Tories, that faction of greed and of strife,  
 "The old, stupid party,"—the rest of my life  
 I'll ceaselessly wage with them war to the knife,

(Said I to myself—said I).

Aggression in arms, and the longing to pounce

(Said I to myself—said I)

On other folk's lands I will hotly denounce

(Said I to myself—said I);

And as for the Boers, if any there be  
 Who talk of oppressing a people so free,  
 So simple and innocent, send them to me

(Said I to myself—said I).

With the wisdom of age I am coming to see

(Say I to myself—say I)

Domestic affairs give no chances for me

(Say I to myself—say I).

My pensions may go by the very same ways  
 As the other parochial points I did raise  
 In the dim long-ago of my Radical days

(Say I to myself—say I).

To rail at the Lords was a youthful mistake

(Say I to myself—say I),

They make such a good constitutional brake

(Say I to myself—say I);

Of course, here and there, you may light on a drone,  
 But in future I'm going to leave them alone—  
 I yet may wear strawberry-leaves of my own

(Say I to myself—say I).

When a statesman proposes a number of things

(Say I to myself—say I),

And time no fulfilment of promises brings

(Say I to myself—say I),

The obvious course for such parties as he  
 Is to hide neath the khaki of BOBS and B.-P.—  
 And I fancy the rule may apply to J. C.

(Say I to myself—say I).



Painter. "YOU CAN STAND DOWN AND REST, MODEL."  
Model. "AW RIGHT, HARTIST!"

#### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

WHEN JONES (by nature kind and brave),  
The dearest friend I ever had,  
Comes to insult me and behave  
Like an unmitigated cad;

When SMITH, *per contra*, who can show  
Two sovereigns for my modest one,  
Now kindly condescends to know  
Me, whom he always seems to shun;

When Lady CLARA VERE DE VERE,  
Oblivious of her Norman stock,  
Deigns in our villa to appear  
To tea, and wears her-smartest frock;

When hauteur affably expands  
And hobs and nob in crowded rooms,  
When peers with cheesemongers shake  
hands,  
And crossing-sweepers ride in  
broughams;

When churls, accustomed in the street  
Perambulators to revile,  
In ecstasies fond mothers greet, [smiles—  
And kiss their babes with ghastly

'Tis not the world is at an end,  
Nor that millennium's dawn has shone—  
These are but symptoms that portend  
A General Election's on.

#### THE RALLYING CRY OF THE RADICALS.

["Where they do agree . . . their unanimity  
is wonderful."—*The Critic*.]

SAY not that we entered the battle  
Discordant with casual cries,  
With the various polyglot rattle  
That Babel addressed to the skies;  
Say not that we came to our task with  
Competitive tunes for our toes,  
With the militant Fife of an ASQUITH,  
The peace-loving pipes o' MONTROSE.

Do not mention the curious manner  
In which we combined for attack,  
With the fugitive Hollanders' banner  
Pinned on to the jubilant Jack;  
Do not mention the way that we camped  
on

The field of our ultimate doom  
With the guns of our Ladysmith LAMBTON  
In line with the Mausers of OOM.

Though apparently riven asunder,  
We jointly adopted the view  
That the War was a crime or a blunder;  
The question was—which of the two?  
For the Tories had gone for our "brothers"  
With openly cynical eyes,  
Or were napping (according to others)  
And taken by vulgar surprise.

If there *was* any personal faction  
That marched to a separate band,  
It was drowned by our war-cry in action  
Unanimous, fluty and grand!  
Ignoring debateable notions—  
Home Rule, Local Drink, and the rest—  
It appealed to the primal emotions  
That lurk in the average breast.

That cry of the Party *en bloc*, Sirs,  
Our Leaders were proud to endorse;  
It was used by the Battersea Boxers  
With singular feeling and force;  
Our bruisers of Southwark have cried it,  
'Twas Bermondsey's rallying call;  
And the brain of our Labby supplied it—  
"GIVE BRUMMAGEM JOSEPH A FALL!"

O. S.

#### WHAT'S O'CLOCK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Would you kindly  
ask the good and great authorities who  
rule for our well-being why it is that  
there should not be some synchronised  
system of recording the time of day on  
the public clocks of London? Heaven  
knows that they are scarce enough, but  
when all at variance with one another,  
and when railway companies elect to give  
their own time, it makes one marvel as to  
the use of Greenwich Observatory. Even  
in Brussels the street-corner timepieces  
work harmoniously. Perhaps the London  
clocks have gone on strike. If so they  
should be placed in other hands.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM WINDUP.

Grandfather's Clock Tower, Peckham Rye.



SWAIN & Co

“RETURNED!”





## THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



## FIFTH FRAGMENT.

1. . . . now in those days, in the land of Rūl-baredányah

2. which from the Azhur-méhn by command did arise,

3. where dwelt the Nephar-nepharnephars, ruled over by waverers,

4. (the Sessil-minestreh)

5. great scribes did flourish . . . . .

6. . . . . Rūdiyād-'Omer-Khiblin

7. the singer of war-songs, the maker of tablets,

8. the *djoggah* of memories forgetful of Empire,

9. who sprang from his cradle, and searchingly studied

10. by the aid of a night-light

11. the mechanical details, of the *rok-kaz-et-setrah*

12. and half-filled his note-book

13. with technical terms—in the bedstead-department.

14. Then rising at day-break

15. he wrote leading-articles, and soul-stirring epics

17. in the Pánjáb vernacular, whatever

18. you call it . . . . .

19. Then did he

20. the Rikki-távis, the Namgeh-Dhóolabs,

21. the Krishna-mulvénihs,

22. the Mem-sahibs, and the Imréhs, and the Gungha-Díns,

23. the Subadhars, the Deodars, and the Jemadhars,

24. the Jin-riki-shas, and the Musumés,

25. and other strange wild-fowl

26. from the Hills bring down,

27. quite new to the language,

28. and their plain tails did he spread abroad.

29. . . . . And the walls of the Báraks did he level with the ground,

30. and their inmost recesses did he lay bare

31. and the Tomis and the Khaki-Túniks forth into the light of day did he bring, and

32. as grist to the mill, and as spoil did he count them.

33. And when he had slaked their thirst,

34. and for all they were worth had he drawn them out,

35. into the hands of the Pábli-shahs and

36. of Mūdiz did he deliver them bound . . . .

37. who did jump at them and VEND them and scatter them broadcast.

38. And into the homes of peaceful *sabhscri-bahs* did they convey them.

39. And their language expressive, unwonted in drawing-rooms. . . . .

40. (Here follow several *Cursive Characters* wholly unknown to the Translator of these Tablets) . . . . made quite a sensation

41. and elderly ladies, unable to breathe

42. in *sulphurik-ethur*

43. swooned away on the sofa (not far from the *kúrit*) and withdrew their *sabhscrib-sháns*.

44. . . . . and when to the wars the Tomis departed

45. forgetful of Er of the ruddy complexion,

46. (suggestive of scrubbing), with the locket of silver,

47. whom they cherished on Sundays,

48. and similar details—forgetting, in fact, all their normal surroundings (according to Khiblin)

49. Did he put forth a tablet, and Arthaz-ul-ivan did set it to music,

50. and it got on the organs, and the butcher's assistant,

51. and likewise the grocer's, the slaves of Pépehpeh, got it after a fashion

52. and whistled like sirens, while they pedalled their *go-karts* . . . . until they turned purple. [Livvrih,

53. . . . . Alphr-ed-orstin, the poet in

54. who wrote things to order,

55. the wearer of laurels, "by special appointment,"

56. who gets half a cygnet, or a haunch of a unicorn, somewhere about *Krismuz*

57. as some slight acknowledgment of his loyal endeavours

58. to be in at the birth and to say something pretty

59. to coincide in arrival with the first tin of Mhéllin;

60. and attend at the weddings, with his harp in the vestry,

61. and when it was over, on his *Bardik-Pegássuz* (from the Múz at the Palace)

62. by the mane did he clamber

63. trotting after the carriage, throwing lyrical slippers

64. and metrical rice-grain.

65. . . . . was as green as his laurels, a *verdigriz* colour,

66. with envy of Rūdiyád. E. T. R.

## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.,  
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

## CHAPTER V.

## THE DUEL TO THE DEATH.

*The ordinary valour only works  
At those rare intervals when peril lurks;  
There is a courage, higher far, and stranger,  
Which nothing can intimidate but danger.*

*Original Stanza by H. B. J.*

No sooner had Mr. BHOSH obeyed the summons of Lord JACK, than the latter violently reproached him for having embezzled the heart of his chosen bride, and inflicted upon him sundry severe kicks from behind, barbarously threatening to encore the proceeding unless CHUNDER instantaneously agreed to meet him in a mortal combat.

Our hero, though grievously hurt, did not abandon his presence of mind in his tight fix. Seating himself upon a divan so as to obviate any repetition of such treatment, he thus addressed his former friend: "My dear JACK, PLATO observes that anger is an abbreviated form of insanity. Do not let us fall out about so mere a trifle, since one friend is the equivalent of many females. Is it my fault that feminines overwhelm me with unsought affections? Let us both remember that we are men of the world, and if you on your side will overlook the fact that I have unwittingly fascinated your *fiancée*, I, on mine, am ready to forget my unmerciful kickings."

But Lord JOLLY violently rejected such a give-and-take compromise, and again declared that if Mr. BHOSH declined to fight he was to receive further kicks. Upon this CHUNDER demanded time for reflection; he was no bellicose, but he reasoned thus with his soul: "It is not certain that a bullet will hit—whereas, it is impossible for a kick to miss its mark."

So, weeping to find himself between a deep sea and the devil of a kicking, he accepted the challenge, feeling like Imperial CÆSAR, when he found himself compelled to climb up a rubicon after having burnt his boots!

Being naturally reluctant to kick his brimming bucket of life while still a lusty juvenile, Mr. BHOSH was occupied in lamenting the injudiciousness of Providence when he was most unexpectedly relieved by the entrance of his lady-love, the Princess JONES, who, having heard that her letter had fallen into Lord JACK's hands, and that a sanguinary encounter would shortly transpire, had cast off every rag of maidenly propriety, and sought a clandestine interview.

She brought BINDABUN the gratifying intelligence that she was a *persona grata* with his lordship's seconder, Mr. BODGERS, who was to load the deadly weapons, and who, at her request, had promised to do so with cartridges from which the bullets had previously been bereft.

Such a piece of good news so enlivened Mr. BHOSH, that he immediately recovered his usual serenity, and astounded all by his perfect nonchalance. It was arranged that the tragical affair should come off in the back garden of Baronet JOLLY's castle, immediately after breakfast, in the presence of a few select friends and neighbours, among whom—needless to say—was Princess VANOLIA, whose lamp-like optics beamed encouragement to her Indian champion, and the Duchess of DICKINSON, who was now the freehold tenement of those fiendish Siamese twins—Malice and Jealousy. At breakfast, Mr. BHOSH partook freely of all the dishes, and rallied his antagonist for declining another fowl-egg, rather wittily suggesting that he was becoming a chicken-hearted. The company then adjourned to the garden, and all who were non-combatants took up positions as far outside the zone of fire as possible.

Mr. BHOSH was rejoiced to receive from the above-mentioned Mr. BODGERS a secret intimation that it was the put-up job, and little piece of allright, which emboldened him to make the rather spirited proposal to his lordship, that they were to fire—not at the distance of one hundred paces, as originally suggested—but across the more restricted space of a nosekerchief. This dare-devilish proposal occasioned a universal outcry of horror and admiration; Mr. BHOSH's seconder, a young poor-hearted chap, entreated him to renounce his plan of campaign, while Lord JACK and Mr. BODGERS protested that it was downright tomfolly.

CHUNDER, however, remained game to his backbone. "If," he ironically said, "my honble friend prefers to admit that he is inferior in physical courage to a native Indian who is commonly accredited with a funky heart, let him apologise. Otherwise, as a challenged, I am the Master of the Ceremonies. I do not insist upon the exchange of more than one shoot—but it is the *sine qua non* that such shoot is to take place across a nosewipe."

Upon which his lordship became green as grass with apprehensiveness, being unaware that the cartridges had been carefully sterilised, but glueing his courage to the sticky point, he said, "Be it so, you bloodthirsty little beggar—and may your gore be on your own knob!"

"It is always barely possible," retorted Mr. BHOSH, "that we may both miss the target!" And he made a secret motion to Mr. BODGERS with his superior eyeshutter, intimating that he was to remember to omit the bullets.

But lackadaisy! as Poet BURNS sings, the best-laid schemes both of men and in the mouse department, are liable to gang aft—and so it was in the present instance, for Duchess DICKINSON intercepted CHUNDER BINDABUN's wink and, with the diabolical intuition of a feminine, divined the presence of a rather suspicious rat. Accordingly, on the diaphanous pretext that Mr. BODGERS was looking faintish and callow, she insisted on applying a very large smelling-jar to his nasal organ.

Whether the vessel was charged with salts of superhuman potency, or some narcotic drug, I am not to inquire—but the result was that, after a period of prolonged sternutation, Mr. BODGERS became impercipient on a bed of geraniums.

Thereupon CHUNDER, perceiving that he had lost his friend in court, magnanimously said: "I cannot fight an antagonist who is unprovided with a seconder, and will wait until Mr. BODGERS is recuperated." But the honourable and diabolical duchess nipped this arrangement in the bud. "It would be a pity," said she, "that Mr. BHOSH's fiery ardour should be cooled by delay. I am capable to load a firearm, and will act as Lord JOLLY's seconder."

Our hero took the objection that, as a feminine was not legally qualified to act as seconder in moral combats, the duel would be rendered null and void, and appealed to his own seconder to confirm this *obiter dictum*.

Unluckily the latter was a poor beetlehead who was in excessive fear of offending the Duchess and gave it as his opinion that sex was no disqualification, and that the Duchess of DICKINSON was fully competent to load the lethal weapons, provided that she knew how.

Whereupon she, regarding Mr. BHOSH with the malignant simper of a fiend, did not only deliberately fill each pistol-barrel with a bullet from her own reticule bag, but also had the additional *diablerie* to extract a miniature laced *mouchoir* exquisitely perfumed with cherryblossoms, and to say, "Please fire across this. I am confident that it will bring you good luck."

And Mr. BHOSH recognised with emotions that baffle description the very counterpart of the nose-handkerchief which she had flung at him months previously at the aforesaid fashionable Bayswater Ball! Now was our poor miserable hero indeed up the tree of embarrassment—and there I must leave him till the next chapter.





AVE always been more or less anxious to get into Parliament. Don't know why,

I'm sure: awful nuisance when you come to

think of it: late hours: fearful boredom listening to speeches on the drainage of Little Pumpington, the real or imaginary wrongs of Irish peasantry and Scotch crofters, and discussion of other wildly enthralling subjects. However, there it is—everyone seems anxious to add M.P. to his name; good sort of advertisement; I suppose it makes a fellow feel as if he were somebody. Nervous work, though, speaking in public—must get over the feeling somehow.

Have to leave my shooting, and start off by ghastly early train, to North Foozleton to address the "Inner Circle" (sounds like Metropolitan Railway). Met at North Foozleton by my Agent, who rushes forward enthusiastically, exclaiming in the hearing of the porters, Station-master, and a dozen passengers, "Ah, my dear fellow, a thousand welcomes! I never thought North Foozleton would secure you!" Blush, and return handshake with my right, whilst fumbling for a shilling for porter, with my left hand. Hurry to hotel to luncheon. Agent says I must first interview Anti-vaccination Committee. Protest feebly that I must lunch first. Agent inexorable, and I am carted off. Seventeen stuffy old persons and three young long-haired terrors welcome me, and make interminable speeches, hurling in statistics on benefits of anti-vaccination. Reply that I think there is a great deal in what they say. Bow them out. Before I can rush off to luncheon, a second deputation shown in to hear my views on Local Veto Question. Sigh, and listen to lot more rhodomontade. Bless

them heartily, and edge for door as fragrant smell of soup salutes my nostrils. No good: pinned down, and have to make second speech. Deputation at last leaves, and at 3 P.M. get hurried luncheon.

Agent again.

Must now address "The Three Hundred" (headed by the Mayor), who are not quite sure whether they will adopt me as candidate, or not. Say my views on Imperial interests, overtopping domestic legislation, not quite satisfactory. Ask Agent what they want me to say? He informs me exactly what will be palatable, and I write it down and try to learn it by heart. Prime myself, and then, seated in picturesque attitude, rather suggestive of "Rule Britannia," await the arrival of deputation. Small man enters first, and looks at me with eagle eye. I grasp him warmly by hand, only to find that this is not the Mayor, as I had thought, but his junior clerk. Retire in confusion, to my seat again. At length the Mayor—a large-sized, important-looking gentleman—opens map, for no particular reason that I can see—and says that he and his colleagues would like to hear what I have to say upon the subject of our mighty interests at home and abroad. Feel very much abroad, myself, at this moment. Explain, as well as I can, that "I think England ought to maintain her prestige abroad," and pause to see effect. Glum silence; feel rather clammy about brow, but try again. Say that "the blood we have shed in South Africa should not be shed in vain." Again silence, whilst my Agent nudges me ominously—can't think what he means. Try a third shot: say that "if our trade is to expand we must be prepared to make sacrifices." (N.B.—Don't know what this means precisely, but it sounds all right.) Mayor and company still silent and unresponsive. Can't think what's wrong. More nudging from Agent. I turn to him wonderingly, and then the murder is out.

"Little Englanders!" he whispers. I turn all manner of colours. Pull myself together, and say airily, "Those, gentle-

men, are the sentiments our opponents are so fond of dinning into our ears. But what is the truth of the matter? Is it not a fact that we ought to be at peace, and we are at war? Is it not a fact that we make sacrifices, and reap no benefit therefrom? Is it not a fact that, in order to keep up this boasted prestige, we are constantly spending blood and treasure in foreign lands, and that we are spending them in vain? Tremendous burst of applause, and I see now I have struck the keynote, fair and square. Continue in this strain for another quarter of an hour, and then (thank goodness) deputation retires, each member unfortunately insisting upon shaking me by the hand. Am allowed by my Agent one hour's leave of absence, in order to take the air, under strict undertaking not to exceed my time. Promise meekly, and go out into town. People look curiously at me, and at length, small boy, who has probably seen my photograph in shop windows, yells out, "That's 'im!"

Immediately, a crowd consisting of some twenty or thirty ragged urchins and an equal number of dirty-looking loafers with hands in pockets, collects and follows me with business-like air round the town. Very flattering and all that, of course, but—walk on, and try to look unconscious. No good; presently come across group of opposition, who at once begin to "boo" at me. Very unpleasant this—more so when one of them deftly hurls cabbage in my direction. Three or four of my following accept challenge, and "go for" the cabbage-thrower. Very embarrassing for me. Try to escape, but crowd now too thick. Fight soon over, and my supporters lounge up to me, rubbing mouths on backs of hands, and each with one eye fixed on neighbouring "pub." Dispense several shillings, and get back to hotel as quickly as possible. Next morning, opposition papers come out with violent diatribes anent the scene of the previous day. "The champion of reaction"—thus my opponents—"need not think to escape the consequences of the Bribery Act by the flimsy pretence that he was only flinging his gold about to reward hired ruffians for protecting his precious person. The party to which we have the honour to belong is not to be blinded. We can 'see through a ladder' as far as most people, and we solemnly warn this gentleman, who, being young and inexperienced is entitled to a certain meed of our pity—and contempt, perhaps, we should also add—that not even his youth and obvious want of tact and decent feeling shall shelter him from the consequences of his barefaced attempt to corrupt the electorate. We shall not shrink from exposing such conduct to the pitiless gaze of the pure light which should always beat upon that throne which is occupied—willy nilly—by public men. Let him, therefore, beware."

Pleasant reading, this. Am first made a mark for my opponents' missiles, and then threatened with dire consequences because I submit to be fleeced by my defenders. Very trying.

Agent comes in to me, at breakfast, looking quite gleeful. Says he has just arranged for hire of schoolroom in Spotted Dog Street, with most convenient exit over adjacent roofs in case of trouble. This is where I am to address expected turbulent meeting. Say I don't think my throat will stand strain of addressing that particular meeting. Agent says most imperative that I should do so. It is in the quarter of the town most unfavourable to my cause, and we may get votes by bearding lion in den. Have no wish to beard lion. D—n lion!

No use—Agent again inexorable; threatens to throw up post unless I consent. Sigh and resign myself, though I murmur gently that I don't think I am fit for so arduous a task. Agent replies, "Oh, nonsense! you are young and an athlete. I shall have far greater difficulty in escaping, if it comes to climbing over roofs." So brutal. Sigh again, and envy comparative quiet and safety of troops in hostile country.

Next morning devoted to going round shaking hands with supporters and kissing babies. Am sure Agent has selected people with hottest hands, and also dirtiest babies, for my express edification. Quite exhausted by luncheon time. Too done up to eat. Three whiskies and sodas. Doze gently.

Awakened by Agent. This man really too energetic—am sure he never sleeps, eats or drinks—hasn't time to. Says that Deputation from Society for Annoying People of Other Views than its Own is in the next room, and would like to have my views on situation. Ask what situation? "Oh, generally," replies Agent, and hustles me into room. More hand-shaking, more warmth—especially of red paws. Deputation bombard me with questions. Dodge them as skilfully as possible, and agree to everything, without actually promising to support their fads. Escape, after renewed epidemic of hand-shaking. Should like to go for a walk, but too risky. Dare not chance repetition of yesterday's scene in street, and subsequent newspaper denunciation.

At breakfast next day read violent article in local "True Blue" paper, in which following words occur.

"Our fearless representative" (that's me) "will go boldly into the midst of his enemies to-morrow night, and force them to hear the truth for once. He is not the man to shrink from his self-imposed task, however hard, however dangerous—for our unscrupulous opponents do not stop short of physical violence, in order to close an adversary's mouth—"

I paused. I don't think I quite grasped the idea of personal violence when I undertook to fight this constituency—felt rather depressed as I resumed reading the article. "Our candidate, strong in the knowledge of his righteous cause, would brave more than the contemplated shower of brickbats, hurled by a pack of organised ruffians, in pursuit of what he conceives to be his solemn duty to the electorate."

Not so sure of this. Not so sure that shower of brickbats is contemptible. Should like to go into quiet room and think matters over, before finally deciding to address this meeting. Not afraid, of course, but still—

Address meeting of supporters, in afternoon. Gathering very crowded. Am speaking from a waggon in market-place. Feel a little nervous; however, after chairman has introduced me clear throat, and begin. Audience quiet for first ten minutes, then several voters at once, want to know things.

"Will I support Anti-vaccination?"

"Certainly. Would even go farther, and insist upon everyone being anti-vaccinated, again and again, until it took." (Great uproar in meeting. Wonder what has upset them?) My Agent looks at me with agonised face. Fail to see what I have done wrong, myself. "Would I support early closing?" "Rather!" (Howls from shopkeeping element, met by vociferous cheering of employees). "What are my views on Church question?" "I—er—oh—well, don't know that—" Here Agent

nudges me and whispers, "Don't commit yourself." Say, "Am quite open to conviction. Dislike bigotry." (Safe investment this. No one thinks himself a bigot). Fortunately, another party, with axes of their own to grind, interrupt, and ask, "Would I support Local Option?" Haven't faintest idea what Local Option is; rather embarrassing. Wonder what one ought to say? Agent to the rescue again. Writes on slip of paper, "Say you keep impartial mind on this most important subject." Repeat this. They seem satisfied. "Am I total abstainer?" "Yes—in theory, that is. My own health won't permit of my setting good example, but am quite convinced that the less alcohol one takes, the better for one." (Cheers from teetotal party, cruelly interrupted by voice, "Then why ain't you a teetotaller yourself?") Rather a poser this. "Am I Imperialist or Little Englander?" "Well, whilst in favour of upholding England's greatness, *Rule Britannia*, *Imperium et Libertas*, and blow the expense, etc., I should oppose any extension of territory, or expansion of Empire's responsibility, and I thought that Little Englanders had, after all, a strong case because—" but here indignant murmurs from crowd, warn me I am treading on dangerous ground. Resume: "When I say Little Englandism you know, gentlemen, what do I mean?" ("Blowed if I know!" from gentleman in shirtsleeves.) "I mean, that in little England, we are—" but rest of sentence never came to life, as at that moment, horses attached to my waggon suddenly started forward and jerked me off my feet. My Chairman also—a very fat and ponderous person—found himself sitting with fearful violence on floor of vehicle. Upsetting, in every sense of the word. Meeting not so sympathetic as it might have been. In fact, it jeered in very unfeeling manner. Agent gave the word to drive off, and we travelled up the High Street to my hotel in waggon.

Have apparently pledged myself, now, to—

- Early Closing.
- Anti-Vaccination.
- Reform of War Office.
- Inoculation for Measles.
- Eight Hours' Day.
- Compulsory Muzzling.
- Higher Education.
- Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister.
- Local Veto, and Compensation for Publicans.

Slightly confusing, but suppose it will all come right in the wash—the end, I mean. After all, every candidate pledges himself to all sorts of things which mean nothing, and are never heard of again. My opponent is making promises wholesale. Suppose I must do same, or "get left."

Tell my Agent I would like a little rest after these experiences. He gibes at idea, and hurries me off to speak to *employés* of large firm as they leave work. Say I am sure they don't want politics when tired from their day's labour. He jeers again; and like lamb led to slaughter, am put into cab and driven off to factory gates. Bell clangs, after ten minutes' waiting, and army of grimy workers issue forth. They stare at me as if I were something fresh from the Zoo. I mount roof of cab, after insisting upon horse being taken out—disaster of an hour ago, still fresh in my mind—and begin my address. Very intelligent body of men apparently; they actually listen, without inter-

rupting, for quite five minutes. Then one stalwart worker jerks thumb in my direction, and grunts out:

"Oo's this joker, BILL?"

"I dunno. Wot's 'e torkin' abart?"

The first speaker then turns pityingly, to my Agent, and says:

"Wot's the matter with 'im, Guv'nor? Is 'e orfen took like this? You ought to look arter 'im better. Wodjer let 'im git on the roof o' the keb for, eh? 'E might fall orf and 'urt 'isself." (Loud laughter from grimy crowd.) Feel that, after this, further political argument would be wasted. Horse put to again, and am driven away, my feelings not being soothed by Parthian dart hurled after my Agent, by original spokesman.

"You must be a bit balmy on the crumpet, Guv'nor, to bring a thing like that darn 'ere'. Taike 'im 'ome agen, an' put 'im in a monkey 'ouse!"

Very depressed—really think I shall give up contest and retire. Mention this to Agent, who looks most astounded:

"What! When we are getting on so well?" he exclaims.

"So—what?" I ask, gasping with astonishment.

"So well," he repeats firmly, and I give up contending.

This man's hopefulness quite pathetic.

Addressed two more meetings of my supporters—got fearfully heckled at last one. Worthy burgess at back of hall suddenly let loose flood of political conundrums on my devoted head. Believe I answered them, somehow—not quite sure of this—and so home to bed, fagged out.

Next morning, begged Agent piteously for half-holiday. He smiled grimly, and announced that he had arranged for me to address operatives at Messrs. SHODDY's works at dinner-hour. Naturally, I thought he meant about 7.30 or 8 P.M., the time every civilised human being thinks of dining, and promised to be there. Lit a pipe, and fell fast asleep over newspaper. Did not wake till nearly one o'clock, when door burst violently open and Agent, pale and trembling with excitement, rushed in.

"What's the matter?" I asked, rubbing my eyes.

"Matter? *Matter!*" he shrieked. "Why weren't you there as you promised to be, to address operatives at SHODDY's? They waited half-an-hour, and then nearly lynched me, because you didn't come!"

"Glad I didn't, under the circumstances," I said. "Frankly, my dear sir, would rather—oh, much rather—they lynched *you* than me," I answered. "But you distinctly said 'dinner time,' and it's only luncheon time, yet."

Agent groans, and passes hand over forehead, in evident despair. "Can't you understand—" he begins, and then, overwrought, sinks on to sofa, exhausted and almost weeping. Wonder what I've done? At last, wishing to alleviate his distress, I say, "Have a brandy and soda, my dear chap? Let me ring, and—" But he looks up, wild-eyed, and evidently not thirsty.

"No, no. Don't you know that operatives *don't* indulge in late dinner. You see, their footmen and butlers wish to get away to the theatre early, so—"

Now, this is evidently meant sarcastically, which I think rather bad form. I'm sure I've done everything I can be expected to do—in reason, that is—and as to SHODDY's operatives—well, d—n SHODDY's operatives!



"Mischief's done now," he says, grimly. "That's lost us at least fifty votes—and this is the last day you will have any opportunity of addressing these people, unfortunately." Assured him I didn't regret it a bit, whereupon he sighed and said he was afraid I didn't quite grasp exigencies of situation.

"To-night," he added, "we wind up campaign by this meeting at Spotted Dog Street—the very centre of the enemy's stronghold."

I said I didn't know that I quite saw use of attacking enemy's stronghold—I failed to see its attractiveness—seemed to me to be rather waste of time, as it were. Thought it would be more advantageous to take a rest, and get long night's sleep, before polling day. Agent imperatively negatives this. "Most important we should show them we are not afraid," he says.

"Oh, of course," I answer, a little dubiously; "only, you know, if it should come to a beastly row, you know—." He leans forward so as to bring his face close to mine, and says in low tones, "It's all right. There's a way out at the back of the platform, and I've got some likely fellows, who know how heads should be scientifically punched, to gather round the exit door. Leave it all to me. We've only to climb over three roofs, and then we shall find the fire-escape ladder. I've arranged for all that, and we can be back here in the hotel, within twenty minutes of leaving the hall."

Comforting, this—in a way. And yet I experience sense of vague disquiet. Don't know how it is, but certainly feel curious disinclination for the evening's task. Think dumb-bells exercise would be good under the circumstances. Suggest to Agent also, that he and I should put on the gloves for a bit. Declines, and recommends a little ladder practice as desirable substitute for boxing.

Dine at unholy hour of six, so as to be ready in good time. Know it will give me awful indigestion, but have to suffer. Appetite poor: poorer still when I hear half-drunken man outside hotel window, roaring, "Let me git at 'im, the beauty! Wants my vote, do 'e? I'll vote 'im! Wait till this evenin'! I got sumthin' ready for 'im. Arf a brick, wrapped in a 'ankercher!" Is moved on by policeman. But why, oh why, don't they lock him up? Know he—and the half-brick—will be there to-night. Begin to feel I shall not. Never felt less interested in politics, in my life. Explain this to Agent when he arrives. Quite useless; he insists on immediate start. D—ash.

Arrived within half a mile of meeting place, din awful. It gradually increases, as we approach. Crowd surround our brougham and jeer. Hastily put up windows, both of which are promptly broken by mob, and threats freely hurled at us through jagged panes. Cordon of police save us from further violence, and we are shoved and hustled into hall. Groans and yells mingle with the cheering which greets my appearance on platform. Chairman tries to introduce me to meeting, but is promptly howled down. Then I advance to front, and say—or, rather, shriek—

"Gentlemen!"

Further terrific outburst of shouts, groans, cheers, yells, hisses, pandemonium broken loose, in fact.

"Gentlemen!" I shriek again—or fancy I do, as it is quite impossible to hear my own voice. "To come before you to-night, to address myself to the task of"—(Put 'im out!)"—"to the task of setting before this enlightened gathering, the advantages of"—("Break 'is 'ead!")—"of supporting a party which is strong enough to"—("Kick 'im out!")—"face the great Imperial issues which"—("Shut up!")—"which, I say"—("Sit down!")—"the great Imperial issues—"

Cat-calls, whistles, tin trumpets, trampling of feet, *ad lib.*

The Chairman then rose and appealed for "fair play," and asked were they Englishmen, to howl down a man without hearing him? No use. The noises never ceased for a moment. Again I essayed to make myself heard above the hideous din; And at this juncture that half-brick arrived on the platform. Luckily it only fell on my toes, instead of knocking out my brains, so I suppose I ought to have felt thankful. I did not. Just as an ugly rush was made for the platform, I marked down the thrower of the missile, and I think that never in my life did I experience a keener satisfaction that when, just as this gentleman got his head on a level with my fist, I planted the same, full, true, and flush, on the end of his red and bulbous nose. But the enemy outnumbered us by scores. Agent whispered in my ear,

"Quick, out by the back door—follow me closely!"

Did so, and succeeded in slipping through door, and banging it to, as mob gained possession of platform. They rushed to door, in hot pursuit, and commenced battering it in. We fled up some badly-lighted stairs, our movements considerably hastened by howling of mob below. Out of skylight, over three roofs, faces and hands begrimed with soot and smuts: at length we reached the fire-escape, which my Agent's magnificent forethought had provided. Down this we slid, jumped into a passing cab, and finally reached hotel, panting, breathless, with clothing torn to rags, and my political enthusiasm hopelessly wrecked for ever.

And the crowning sorrow of all came next day, when, at the close of the counting, the numbers were announced as 2,121 for my opponent and 2,120 for myself. I had been beaten by one vote.

I shook the dust of North Fozzleton from my feet, on the morrow. All I have left to remind me of that disastrous campaign is—the Bill.

*Fox Russell*